

From the Portland Transcript.  
Letter from Ethan Spike.  
HON. APRIL—1888.  
Figgeratively speakin—this is a world  
of changes—an what makes it was—its  
mighty onsturn. No man knows the  
end tharof, or by sarchin kin make one  
hair of his stationery white or black—  
Likewise the tototum which sometimes is,  
an sometimes isn't. Tharfore, with Solom-  
on—King of Sheber—I conclude that  
all is vanity, nath, the pracher. Change,  
change is writ on everything! Change is  
everywhere, except what its most wanted  
—in a feller's pockets. My own ideas  
change frequently, and on special occa-  
sions, often.

When General Pearce wouldn't give  
me a nois, for instance, I had an idea  
that republic was ongratefol, but when a  
suvrin people ris in thar majesty, and  
made me a civil magnatary, an sot me up  
as a pillow of State, that idee changed in  
the twinkin of a wheelbar. I felt  
good all over. I loved everybody—(ol-  
der exceptin federalists an niggers), an  
thought republics was very gratefol in-  
deed. All nater looked like that. The  
blew sky in the firmynot looke I blower  
—the airth more airthy and greener-like,  
the trees waved more gratefuller. Even  
the dumb critters an creepin things, like-  
wise todes an grasshoppers wich jump, an  
amfibrous vermin, wot cant live in the  
water an dies aout of it, all was viewed  
from a different stand-pint. Everything  
seemed to have stars an stripes onto it!  
The winds whistled Yankee doodle, and  
the brooks danced to the musio. I used  
to wake up in the night an sing hale ker-  
lumbly in my sleep.

But now how changed! The sky is  
spanish brown, the airth aint nigh as  
airthy as it was, the trees is done wavin,  
critters looks like critters agin, an every-  
thing, but the fermental hyperion, looks  
as biew as a dye-pot. I don't see no stars,  
nor nothin streaked. Even the old bug-  
horned coow is a sheddin her streaks!  
Ah, well, sich is life! Man's life is a span-  
shuckie, an as full of evil as a dog is of  
flea. Today a todostool—tomorrow a  
Joner's goad-stick.

Mr. Editor bear with me if I do ap-  
pear ejjorbid. I'm a disappointed man—  
I've lost my offis—I'm a—oh that I  
should live to say it—I'm an aout—I'm  
nothin but a common citizen—I'm a  
common folk, such as I didn't use to be  
when I met em on the streets—are gettin  
to be dread-ful familiar, an the boys aint  
afraid of me any longer.

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Mr. Editor, is a dreadful thing for a  
public flunkshunary to be turned aout of  
offis, an gin over to the cold an gainsayin  
world, specially one as has stood high, in  
his own estimation. I didn't used to think  
so when I was a 'in. Fact, I ollers  
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some feller had got into a place wich I  
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I finds it hard to get a realizin senso of  
my situation. Sometimes afore I knows  
it, I stick my thumbs into the arm holes  
of my weskit—an strut off just as I  
used to.

But alas—recollection at hand—  
Soon hurries me back to dreary—  
and I will like a newly sot cabbage plant  
in the sun, an manch off like a kicked  
dog. I've bin advised to perst agin the  
election on two grounds. In the first  
place the ball number of votes was 21,  
four of wich was gin for me, while toter  
17 was scatterin, or wot amounts to the  
same thing—they was vot for somebody  
else. Now take four from 17 an 21 re-  
mains, then eight times eight is ought an  
two to carry, wich bein divided by the  
highest ginn number, the remainder is  
the multiplicand.

Then take any number that comes han-  
diest for multiplicer, which brings every-  
thing into vulgar fractions, and leaves me  
a majority of one an 18-18, long macture.  
Tother ground is that I was 'd'facto  
ignus futus—that is, the only constitu-  
tional candidate, in consequence of being  
in percession, which is nine pints in law.  
As I was sayin, its hard to realize.  
Don't seem possible that I am actually  
down agin in the vulgar ways of com-  
mon onofishal life, that the robes of Ju-  
dyntor has bin stripped off my back  
like the skin of a horn-pout, an I obleged  
to resume the pejsacket an overalls wich  
pertain to ex-official situations.

It is cases like this which naterally  
leads one to distrust human nater, and  
raises the inquiry whether this really are  
the ninetenth century! Some may say I  
oughtn't to complain. I'm only the victim  
of my own dimeratic doctrine of rota-  
tion. Them as would make such silly re-  
marks only expose their ignorance of po-  
litical science. That doctrine of rota-  
tion belongs exclusively to this aout, it  
dusn't apply to the aout at all. Its nev-  
er was to rotate, except up higher, whar  
honors is thicker and pickies and stealin  
is more plentiful. I do suppose that  
sam folks would be so stuffy about it if  
they were in my case, they wouldn't sarve  
the country nigh, but that aint my nater.  
I don't hold no grudge. Ef the country  
should want me to take an offis whar I  
thought I do feel kinder hurt, yet sich is

my patriotism, an sich my good nater, I  
do bleve I should let by gones go, an ac-  
cept it. I love my country too much to  
see good payin offis go a beggin. I'll  
sacrifice my private phleekins any time.  
ETHAN SPIKE.

—The following is a bona fide letter  
received by Mr. Stone who is Superin-  
tendent of Public Schools in one of our wes-  
tern cities (Indianapolis):  
N O V E M B E R 10, 1887.  
Mr. Stone I send you a fine line of  
know wure you got your to take Boyes  
inn too the Scoole house and kick and  
choke him for playen ball in the street.

Please coll and sea me to daye at five  
o'clock to show you four yore treat-  
ments to the Boye if you dont do soe I  
I shal send four yore to morrow Before  
the mare to shour youes for ite

J. B. CLIFTON  
Markete at Between east and liberty  
south side  
—An Ederalder, in writing his life,  
says: "He ran away early from his father,  
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LATEST NEWS  
—BY—  
Spiritual Telegraph.  
The evening had come, by my window I sat,  
And nothing was stirring, not even a rat.  
The moon thro' my window was shining so bright,  
Just nature looked lovely, yes, even at night.  
I thought that Dame Nature resembled a maiden,  
Whose sweet affection was heavily laden.  
She came, she came, she came, she came,  
She came, she came, she came, she came.

Stilled, for her bright beauty would return on the  
morrow.  
The music she wore, like a melody, was dark,  
On my cheek her warm breath came so balmy—  
but hark!  
Tap, tap, tap, I suddenly heard at my door,  
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